¶ To Dauid Dicars when.

¶ To him that doth dreame, Dauid Dicars when,
And euen so from hym, to such other men.

FRom when vnto when, to come to this when.
Whē fooles of your folly, wyl worke lyke wyse men
And know theyr owne fautes, & leaue faulting other
And fyrst mende them selues, & thē warne theyr brother,
Enuyng none, for that theyr sorte is not
Such as they would be, lyke others I wot.
Goddes of degree, to rule and beare swaye,
Whose maners mete not, to stand in such stay,
And yet wold haue mouthes, to rore lyke the Lyon
Beyng but Asses, brute of condicion.
Forgettynge that order doth thus aske and craue,
That eche should hym selfe in order behaue.
As beastes of lowe sorte, to be meke of theyr mynde,
To those that be hygher, and greater of kynde.
The Bore not to bragge, to stryue wyth the Lyon.
The Hart not to stand, wyth the Bull in contencion,
The Ore that doth draw, to thyncke hym selfe able,
To runne for a wager, wyth the Horse of the stable.
It grees not, it cordes not, nor orderly fyttes
That men should fynd fault, wyth Gods and theyr wyttes,
Jupiters seate standes somewhat to hye
For vs to iudge it, that come it not nye.
And iudgementes of gesse, in any such sorte,
May serue to the Gods, for a laughter and sporte.
To se how Judas, would fayne become Iuda,
To iuste at the life, of Iuli apostata.
Let Beastes that be meete, for carte and caryage,
Leane to theyr laboure, as manne to hys maryage.
And synce we be members of one common wealthe,
Let vs ioyne aptly, as fyttes for our healthy.
The eye as the eye, let hym stare and looke,
And let the leg learne, to bowe and to crooke.
Let the hand answere, to helpe and to dooe,
As the wyl of the hert, shall wyll hym vnto.
And let not the foote, make murmur and cry,
To aske why our head is placed so hye.
Our instrument iarres, it makes no ryght melody,
If we thus tune not to order our armony.
Then mayster when, when bothe you and I,
And euery man els wyl learne to applye,
To our ryght metyarde, and kepe oure iust compasse,
And looke not so deepe in an other mannes glasse.
And leaue dreaming dreames of dead Dauid Dicar,
And send such whens home, to our person or vycar.
And therwyth remember, thys verse of Cato,
Whose wyldō doth warne vs, with these wordes I trowe
Que soles culpare, ea tu ipse:
ne feceris. when wee marke this nipse,
And leaue drawyng dialles, on other mens dooyng
And learne for to looke to our owne woorkes and brewynge,
Then I say then, when you agayn when:
wyll say well your selfe, and suche other men,
And all folke wyll doo well. Lo thus I ende then,
All thynges shall be well, whiche god graunt. Amen.

Esopus de asino rugēte

Domine saluum fac Regem
& da pacem in diebus nostris.

Quod T. Camel.

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